

# WHAT A WOMAN THINKS OF DEMPSEY AND CARPENTIER

**Feminine Eyes, Appraising Mighty Fighters in Training, See Georges Amid Artistic Surroundings and Jack Looking the Part of a Champion in Atmosphere of Commercialism—Power of the Punch Makes Deep Impression at Both Camps**

By MARTHA COMAN.

INTERVIEWING a prize fighter resolves itself into a couple of handshakes. The important ceremony begins and ends there. What is said in between the greeting and the farewell is as nothing compared to the grip Georges Carpentier, heavyweight European champion, and Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world, give you.

It is the grip of the hand that is to seize the world pennant on July 2, when the two great athletes meet in the Jersey City arena before nearly 100,000 spectators. And it is a world famous grip.

Being assigned to meet these two champions of the ring is the last word in feminine reporting. Of course, you know that the editor knows that you are a perfect greenhorn about the sport of the arena. The editor thinks that your feminine eye will pick out points that the ring trained optic of a sports writer would naturally overlook. He may even have an idea that you will see only the beauty and the artistic side and overlook the fact that it's the punch that counts in the end.

**Both Principals Glad to Know Many Women Will See the Fight**  
In view of the promise that about a third of the boxes and ringside seats are expected to hold women on that July occasion in Jersey City, it seems that a special interest has developed in the feminine point of view of the combat and the combatants.

This phase of the fight is already interesting both Carpentier and Dempsey. They are rather glad to know that there will be women rooters surrounding them when the contest takes place.

Manhasset, Long Island, where Carpentier, the French boxer, is training, and Atlantic City, N. J., where the Colorado boy is going through his paces, are about 150 miles apart as the crow flies. But as training camps for the two big pugilists they are as widely separated as the North and South Poles.

Compare a quaint farm house, set in the midst of wooded lands, pastures and grassy fields, with a dreary, sandy stretch of terra firma, enclosed by a rough board fence. The French fighter has elected to train on a farm, while the American boxer has settled himself within a stone's throw of the Boardwalk colony.

Dempsey likes the sea air and he finds it diverting to mingle with the ocean front through occasionally. Carpentier prefers the restfulness of country life. He likes to see green trees and waving grass. Dempsey thrills to the roar of the ocean and the steady chug of motor cars.

There are other differences besides the ones nature is responsible for. There are differences of methods between the two training camps. There are differences of daily programme, of surroundings, of atmosphere and of type of personnel.

These differences may be summed up thus: Carpentier's camp is the camp of an artist. Dempsey's camp is the camp of a group of commercialists.

It may be no fault of the world's heavyweight champion that a spirit of commercialism prevails at the Atlantic City centre. Dempsey is surrounded by persons who frankly admit that they are after the almighty dollar. And they rake it in at every turn.

You can see Carpentier almost any day from the highway that passes a hundred yards in front of his cottage. It is easier to gain a sight of an audience with President Harding, if you are on a special mission, than it is to get to Jack Dempsey. The world's champion is hedged about with a staff whose purpose it is to impress upon the public that Dempsey is a king among men. The exclusiveness of this camp, that is announced as a democratic one, adds to the hero's popularity, they reason.

When Dempsey gives boxing exhibitions in the stadium there is an admission of 50 cents. This is to help defray the expenses of maintaining a training camp. The expense is tremendous.

When Carpentier spars only a few specially invited friends and the newspaper men and women are permitted to see him. But there is little red tape about the Manhasset camp.

**How the Men Themselves Compare in Characteristics**

The men themselves have several points in common. They are both boyish, both apparently happy and both in the pink of condition. Dempsey strikes you as being the bigger, taller and more powerful man. Both are marvellously quick. They move like lightning.

Carpentier is not a bit nervous and Dempsey is. Carpentier is confident, but not boastful. Dempsey feels sure that he will win, but never before has he trained to meet an opponent who is so mysterious as Carpentier. It's the difference of nationality that accounts largely for the difference in the two men and their training methods.

The Frenchman is hailed as a Greek god. This makes Dempsey jealous. He says so, laughingly. Dempsey has gigantic strength, but he never was called beautiful. He has that to contend against in the visiting champion.

Georges Carpentier has put Manhasset, L. I., on the pugilist's map. It's the third

town on the less than an hour's run out of New York dedicated to champions of the ring. The first is where the Corona Kid hailed from. Then comes Bayside, where James J. Corbett once lived. And a few minutes further you alight with palpating heart at the Manhasset station.

It's a drive of a few minutes along an excellent road. Before you know it you are in front of a modest white cottage, set among trees and near enough to the highway to glimpse the bronzed face of the international honor aspirant, seated on the front veranda and surrounded by his staff of trainers and friends.

But first you have to pass the gatekeeper, who admits no one through the bars who has not proper credentials. In case of argument he can be backed up by two stalwart county sheriffs. These are forbidding looking officers of the law. They wear felt campaign hats, khaki flannel shirts and khaki riding breeches, and if words are not sufficiently convincing they have pistols slung around their waists in heavy leather holsters.

Once inside the bars your path leads down the lane toward the boxing arena. The sparring bout is set for 3 o'clock. It lacks half an hour of the time and you seek an interview first with the man who is to meet Jack Dempsey July 2 in Jersey City.

These kings of the boxing ring are not expected to talk. Though they do, and Carpentier speaks English quite well.

The request for this privilege is relayed to the Frenchman by your escort, a sports writer who knows every boxer of note here and in Europe. First he signals to an attendant, a tall, country looking youth, in shirt sleeves and sucking a blade of grass. He tells Gus Wilson, Carpentier's trainer, Wilson, who speaks French, German, English and any number of other languages, leaves the veranda and comes over to the board fence.

Wilson conveys the request to Descamps, Carpentier's manager, and in a few minutes Descamps withdraws from the veranda and heads toward the fence.

Yes, Descamps will go and see and shortly after he reappears, swings wide the gate and you are in the presence of the heavyweight champion of Europe.

**Shaking Hands With Carpentier Has a Thrill All Its Own**

And when you shake hands with a champion boxer you understand why they speak of the introduction and meeting as a handshake and not an interview. His hand is not large, but it is padded with muscle, like the hand of no other type of person. And its grip is firm.

Carpentier is tall, he stands 5 feet 11; he is beautifully built. You realize that as he leans against the pillar of the veranda. He wears gray trousers, a gray flannel shirt and a light weight, knitted jacket, a sort of sweater coat that buttons.

This man has nerve, but he lacks nerves. He is like a playful boy going through daily lessons because somebody wants him to do it and because it affords him the keenest joy.

His profile is pure Greek; his eyes are gray blue and set rather wide apart. There is a slight flatness to the nose, a broadening due to the strong blows of a boxing opponent no doubt. But this you see only when you look at his full face.

"I've had two days' rest and I feel splendid, in perfect condition for anything," Carpentier says with a smile that I translated to mean that he was ready then to meet the heavyweight champion of the world—Jack Dempsey.

Carpentier's smile is wonderful, it is sweet and boyish, not at all what you expect a ring fighter to express. He stretches his long sinewy arm and grasps the veranda column and you see that his hands are well shaped and exquisitely cared for.

"We have had our walk," he volunteers, pointing to his dog lying curled up under the chair which Carpentier had risen from. "I walk maybe six, eight or ten miles a day. It is not much. And I like it. We walk very fast."

Jack Curley, who toured Carpentier in vaudeville and who walks daily with the European champion, said afterward that he tries to keep Carpentier down to a shorter walk. "He mustn't do too much," Curley explains. "And I don't let him swing his arms when he walks. That reduces, and Carpentier doesn't want to reduce."

Some one calls the French boxer indoors and with a bow he excuses himself. You know he has disappeared to get ready for the afternoon's bout.

He gives you another of those friendly but powerful grips and you feel again the padded hand with the flexible fingers closing over yours, and you wonder whether his will be the hand to swing the decisive blow on July 2.

Then you go out under the trees, where the crowd is beginning to gather and everywhere you hear talk of the ring.

You gather from Captain J. H. Mallet, who fought all through the war, was thrice wounded and gassed and who is a friend of long standing of Carpentier, that the aviator-boxer champion is not observing any too strict a diet. He rises at 6:30 and has coffee and rolls at 7. Then he is off for his walk with Curley. When he re-

turns he has a shower and breakfast of fruit, ham or bacon and eggs and coffee. There is more exercise and he lunches on melon, caviar, hors d'oeuvres, beef and mutton, four kinds of fresh vegetables, cake and cream.

Boxers have some of the characteristics of a prima donna. We wait long after 3 o'clock for Carpentier to appear in that much described bathrobe. Then some warning seems to rouse the lounging groups of men and a few women, and they start toward the boxing enclosure, which is surrounded by a high board fence.

**The Real Show Begins With Carpentier in Action**

Now the real show is to begin. You pass round the gymnasium, which Carpentier uses on rainy days. It has a frieze of pictures, mostly of the champion himself, and on the outside walls are posters giving his measurements.

There are 100 or more men spectators and a sprinkling of women. A few society representatives arrive by automobile, which they park in the lane. They take up positions against the side fence. The men whisper that they must be society women, because their skirts are much shorter than the newspaper women wear. They prove to be Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and some of her friends. It looks like a Palm Beach tournament when they adjust chiffon haroms veils over their faces, leaving a narrow, open strip just across the eyes.

And now Carpentier arrives, wearing the widely proclaimed bathrobe, which has big red and blue spangly flowers on a cream colored ground, buff collar and facing. Carpentier discards this quickly and steps forth in his boxing costume, dark blue trunks and a thin gauze singlet, size 40. You can see the mark plainly.

He draws on a pair of soft brown gloves and makes his bow to the punching bag. The quiet, nervous youth becomes a whirlwind of energy. He punches and jabs and pounds. At first he plays with the bag as a tiger would with one of its cubs. Descamps calls him a "teeger," and you begin to realize that Descamps knows what his friend can do.

He taps the bag, he coaxes it, he puffs at it and all the time he smiles. You watch the play of his muscles, lumps that swell here and there and make his pink skin seem to undulate. After he has played this cat and mouse or tiger and cub game, he lands a terrific blow on the bag, which sends it banging against the roof of the apparatus. His expression changes, he grows intense but never maddened or ferocious.

He removes the gloves and Descamps begins the preparations for the practice bouts. Carpentier is wearing a black band round the bicep of his left arm. The ring rope burned the skin recently. Descamps pads the bruise, sprinkles it with talcum, puts vaseline over Carpentier's ears, his forehead and his eyelids, then greases his long, blond hair well. This is to protect his skin and keep his hair from blowing in his eyes. Carpentier wears his hair long over the forehead. When it is brushed

back for ordinary occasions the length does not show, but in the ring it may blow over his eyes. Hence the vaseline.

Some one, another trainer, winds the champion's hands in broad linen tape. This is tied at the wrists and the boxer draws on his black, padded gloves. There is a cheer as he steps out and vaults lightly to the canvas floor of the square, which Wilson has sprinkled with a wet sponge and has provided with crumbs of resin.

Marcel Denis is the first opponent. Denis is smaller than Carpentier and he boxes rapidly. The little man tries to hit Carpentier in the solar plexus, but all the time the Frenchman pounds his opponent's face until it blazes red.

Descamps calls time and Carpentier smiles, adjusts his gloves and makes ready for the second man, Paul Journee, who has the shoulders of an ox and a face that looks more like the man Carpentier will meet and either triumph over or go down to defeat to on July 2.

And still Carpentier smiles in that pleasant, boyish way, as if it were all play to him. "Does he ever think of all that is at stake on the day that he faces Dempsey in the Jersey City arena? One cannot but wonder when this little Greeklike body squares off for the bout."

Battling Henri Marcot, Carpentier's chief, who sometimes puts on the gloves and faces his master, stands in the door of the gymnasium and smiles. Everybody looks pleased and confident.

**Bout With the Third Man Looks Like a Real Fight**

Descamps blows the whistle for the third practice bout, and Carpentier, who has not left the ring, all the while shakes hands pleasantly with Italian Joe Gans, another undersized pugilist with a ferocious looking mane, square cut jaw and copper hued skin.

They pound each other furiously and you hear their heavy breathing. Carpentier fights with his mouth open. He does not breathe through his nose. You can see his tongue encircled by glistening and even teeth.

The French champion's defensive work is great. When the two lock and sway, heads bent over, what would happen, you wonder, if Carpentier really let go with that long, sinewy right arm and with lightninglike speed, which he possesses, landed a blow on little Italian Joe?

Then they separate, both breathing heavily, and go at it again. Of course Journee and Gans and Denis wouldn't for the world plant a knockout on Carpentier, even if they could. It might spoil the fight. A cut or severe bruise causes no end of trouble.

And still they fight. Occasionally Descamps smiles and says an encouraging word in French. He seems like the anxious little mother of a great big, strong child.

The breathing grows hoarser and the two combatants lock and thump, break away and lock again in a grip like death. They hold each other at the neck, heads

lowered, and pound each other on the ribs or the face until the perspiration streams from Gans.

Carpentier grows pinker and pinker, but he does not drip with perspiration. His hair looks damp, but that's the vaseline. Descamps blows the whistle and the afternoon's bouts are over. The two boxers shake hands and Gans disappears. Carpentier slips between the ropes and enters the gymnasium, where he is stripped of his white, sleeveless singlet, fanned and rubbed with towels and patted until his pink skin becomes even ruddier.

It's a great lark for him. Whether he wins or loses the crown of laurel on July 2 he will have enjoyed every minute of the training time at Manhasset.

And down the lane troop a lot of boys who have been watching the bouts from a fence rail. They sing the "Marseillaise" as they go and Carpentier smiles at them.

**Scene Changes to Dempsey's Camp at Atlantic City**

It is three days later, and the world champion resumes his boxing bouts at the National Stadium at Atlantic City after several days rest. An hour and a half before the gates are open with a card from Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, I present myself at the gate.

Stephens, who is called Frank because that isn't his name, lifts the iron bar guarding the entrance. It is almost as hard to pass Frank as it is to enter the kingdom of heaven. He has his orders from the camp chief and nothing but a nod from the pugilistic god himself opens the way.

"Go to the first house," suggested Frank, "when I slipped across the threshold of the training quarters gate. You'll find the bunch there. The champion isn't to be disturbed for half an hour yet."

Dempsey was resting, but Warren Brown, the publicity manager, escorted me to the Dempsey house, next door. I was ushered into the parlor and the champion came down the stairs, looking big, boyish and alert. Again I felt the handclasp of a prizefighter. There is a difference between the two handshakes. Dempsey's hand is large naturally, but it hasn't that well-padded feeling that Carpentier's has. It is a gentler clasp, too, as if soft pedaled for the occasion, or my sex. The fingers are long and the grip is firm, but it is sort of a scared greeting.

"Where are all the others?" asked Dempsey, looking anxiously about. Then he explains that Brown had told him there were a lot of reporters waiting to see him.

"How do you feel and how is the training going?" I ask.

"Fine," replies the champion with a smile that is as boyish as Carpentier's. Dempsey wears a striped shirt and no coat. His hair is tumbled over his forehead, the way it looks in some of his action pictures.

"Are you nervous and worried about the fight?" I venture.

"A little bit," the big man admits. He has unexpected height and the shoulders



of a Colossus. His face is bronzed and his brown eyes are quick and full of fire.

"There's so much mystery about this fellow Carpentier," he pronounced it as if it were spelled Carpenter—"and they write such a lot of stuff about his good looks. He's a handsome guy. I'm not nervous, but I'm jealous," he says with a laugh. "I've read about his wonderful profile and his remarkable legs, and they tell me about his training until I don't know just what to think of him."

Dempsey is really a bit anxious. If Carpentier were an American he'd know what to expect. But the foreign atmosphere surrounding the Manhasset camp puzzles him.

"And that fellow Descamps"—Dempsey pronounced it American fashion, just as it is spelled, and then asked how to say it in the French way. "I don't want to see him the day of the fight. He's got a hypnotic eye. I hope they keep him out of my sight."

"And I want to tell you there'll be no French spoken on the big day in Jersey City, not if I can prevent it. All I know is 'dis donc,' and that wouldn't get me very far, would it?"

Dempsey rises early and usually takes a seven or eight mile walk in the morning. He says he's trained down enough and can eat whatever he likes and as much as he likes. They have three women cooks at the training quarters. They cook for Dempsey and his two brothers, Johnny and Bernard, who help with the training, and for the camp workers in the house next door.

The two houses are plain frame buildings facing the back of one side of the grand stand of the temporary stadium. Dempsey keeps his two Belgian police dogs and his wolfhound at the camp. He plays with them often and sometimes takes them for a walk down the road leading away from the beach.

At 3 o'clock the stadium is fairly well filled with spectators ready for the practice bouts. Dempsey appears in dark tights and trunks and athletic shirt, and wearing a guard over his hair and eyes. With the guard he is much better looking. It fills out his receding forehead and keeps his tangled hair from blowing in his eyes.

His right hand is wound with green felt and his left with white linen. He picks up the pulleys in one corner of the ring, which is a much larger ring than Carpentier's, and works quickly for eight or ten minutes. His bronze shoulders begin to look moist and his muscles seem to loosen. Having limbered up with that exercise, he shadow boxes. And this is one of the most interesting of his exhibitions. You see then how quick, how alert and how tireless he is.

**Surprisingly Quick Despite Bulk And Sways in Unusual Way**

The motions of the world's champion are surprising. Heavy as he is, he possesses a remarkable lightness and quickness. He hops about the ring as if he had springs in the soles of his feet. He takes short steps and his body sways from the waist. He has a queer shoulder movement, not a swagger, yet a side to side swaying that is rhythmic, like a bird fluttering.

He carries his head with the chin lowered, as if he were ready to defend himself against a blow. It is only when he is not in boxing outfit that you see his head raised to the usual level. He isn't so serious then and he beams like a child that has just found a new toy to play with or has been given something good to eat.

Dempsey's shoulders are superb. The muscles are so well developed that they make his bronze skin ripple as he exercises. It takes him from fifteen to twenty minutes to limber up sufficiently before beginning to box.

"Irish Patsy Kline is his first opponent of the afternoon. Kline is a little fellow and Dempsey constantly has to remember that he must not let go. The boxers romp around the big squared arena pummeling each other with their padded red gloves. Dempsey has a way of puffing out his upper lip as he expels his breath that makes him look old. When close to the ring you can hear the exhalations. It sounds like the exhaust of a steamship."

"Babe" Herman, featherweight, and about half Dempsey's size, now bantams round the big champion in playful mood. If Dempsey were in earnest he could knock Babe out in a jiffy. But he has to remember that he is not to let go. It is hard for a fighter to have this on his mind all the time.

In the midst of the round with Babe, Dempsey removes his "hair net," the leather protector, and he begins to look like the ferocious pictures taken of him in true fighting form. His black hair is a tangled mass over his forehead. He shakes his head to get it out of his eyes and looks more than ever like a huge mastiff.

Teddy Hayes calls time and wipes the champion's perspiring face with a towel. Dempsey slips under the ropes and disappears into his house, and that is the last of him for the afternoon.

The spectators applaud his shadow boxing and his big brotherly way of handling the little opponents, then they troop out and Dempsey is left with his trainers and his cooks and his camp personnel to go through another night, followed by another day of training.

And each night passed and each following day got through with brings him that much nearer to the great day when he will pit his strength against that of Carpentier. And each man is as much in the dark as to which is likely to win on July 2 as the public is.

Both are trained to the nth degree. Dempsey has a deadly punch and Carpentier has lightning-like speed and intelligence.

May the best man win.